

I've Lost

A Perfect Murder

I have seen everything I had.
Slipping through my fingers.
I sit back and think about.
Everything I've lost.
I've got nothing to stand for.
I've got nothing to fight for.
Loss after loss, deception.
Grown stronger.
Now there is nothing left.
But the bruises and the scars.
I've got nothing to stand for.
I've got nothing to fight for.
I've lost.
Broken by the scars.
Emptied by the tears.
This life is never kind.
I've got nothing to fight for.

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